



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

QUERIES ABOUT THE BEECH PLUM.

Some years ago we published some of our observations upon Beech Plums, and also asked some questions that were never answered. On the coast of Massachusetts bay and also on some parts of the coast of York County, in this State, and how much farther east, we do not know, is found a species of Plum tree, called Beech Plum. They oftentimes grow where the tides in their highest course will reach their roots. We have not been conversant with them for many years that we have lived in the interior, away from the sea-coast. But in our boyhood, it used to be good sport to "go a pluming," and gather a supply from the low shrubby trees on the sea shore.

We do not recollect that we ever found them troubled with curculio, nor infested with the black knot. We would inquire of some of our shore friends, if that is the case, how or whether they have become like to their country cousins, the plum trees of the interior, victims of both of the above named pests to the plum orchard! If they have, there is no more to be said. If they have not, is or is not the sea water the cause of their being preserved from the attacks of both troubles?

We solicit an investigation of this subject, by those who live in locations where this species of plum grows.

We have no doubt that sea water may in many cases be advantageously used for agricultural purposes. We recollect an account of the application of it to the roots of the Plum trees, in the garden of the late Mr. Pond, in Cambridge, Mass. During a tremendous storm, the ground where Mr. P.'s plum trees grew which were not far from tide waters, were inundated with the salt water that arose with uncommon high tides at the time. He looked upon his trees as virtually destroyed, or at least, greatly damaged, but to his great surprise, during the ensuing season they bore uncommonly abundant. He attributed the great crop to the drenching they had with sea water, which, instead of injuring them seemed to stimulate them as to growth, and to destroy any insects that might have been lurking or burrowing in the soil at their roots, either in a perfect, or chrysalid form.

We note this occurrence for the purpose of calling attention to the facts, and of inducing any who are situated in a place where they can easily experiment with the water, if they feel disposed, and report the results.

QUERIES AND REPLIES.

WANTED,

Information, through the *Farmer*, where a Sod Plow can be had that will plow upon loamy and sandy loamy intervals, or alluvial soil, from 8 to 12 in. deep; leaving a clean furrow for the team to walk in; covering up grass, weeds, &c., by turning the sod of its working furrow, fully or horizontally into the bottom of the preceding furrow, instead of setting them up edgewise, leaving them in a smooth and even condition for the harrow or roller; of easy draught, according to the width and depth of its furrow; doing its work itself by being guided in a workmanlike manner; not subjecting the holder to "kicking over" the furrow when plowing upon level land; nor liable to choke up when plowing with grassy land, where it is so desirable to have well turned furrows; last, though not least, made of good and durable materials in the most approved style.

We have tried plows of several different patterns and sizes, but they failed in the height of standard and height and length of furrow board very much, being capable of working from 6 to 9 in. only, and at the last depth are very liable to choking-up on even new mown grass land, and upon stable land much more so, on account of the beam being so near the surface of the land.

Also, where some of the "Horse-men" Oats can be had. The kind wished for, are those in which the head forms all on one side of the straw instead of branching out from all sides.

Any one who can and will give information on the above inquiries will aid in accelerating the interests of Agriculture, and oblige our co-laborer.

Elm Tree Farm, March, 1859.

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weeding in a stooping position, and enables him to raise double the root crop with it that he can without it. It may be purchased at the Agricultural warehouses. Price \$1.—Ed.

MR. PERCIVAL'S PIC.

DR. HOLMES.—In reply to Mr. Wood in *Farmer* of March 24, I will state the manner in which I fed my pig. I procured him when four weeks old, of Mr. C. Chadwick, of South China, paying three dollars for him. I don't know what breed it was, but Mr. Chadwick had the same breed now. I commenced by giving him new milk five times a day for two weeks; then new milk twice a day for two weeks longer, the other part of the day skim milk; then I began to feed him on sour milk, with occasionally a little dry corn (which did not exceed a peck for the summer), with other stuff that was made about the house in a small family. He was fed in this manner till he was five months old; then fed on damaged flour, about one quart mixed with milk and water, to a meal, four times a day for six weeks. I then commenced feeding on corn meal, giving him about three pints to a meal, four times a day, scalded up with milk and water, for three weeks. From this time till killed, I gave him two quarts to a meal four times a day. When killed, he was eight months and three days old, and weighed 349 lbs. The whole expense of keeping, (with the exception of the milk from one cow) was \$16.00.

Paid for pig, 3.00

Sold one half for 15.00

The other half standing me \$4.00

ZENAS PERCIVAL, JR.

South China, March 27th, 1859.

KEEPING FARM ACCOUNTS.

Keep the edges and the corners firm, and when it attains the desired height, shoal up the loose fine manure around, and spread it evenly over the top. Set on your garden-frame with care, and fill in with rich earth, not throwing it in heavily or in heaps, but spreading it in lightly and evenly to the depth of four or five inches. Rake the surface, sow your seeds in drills about four inches apart, and put on the sashes. Some defer sowing until the bed heat, but it may be safely sown at once; and when the heat rises give plenty of air, not by sliding your sashes down, but by raising them at the back, having a longish triangular block or piece of plank to tilt them up on, so that you can open them with it two inches or hollows you find.

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Keep the edges and

THE MAINE FARMER: AN

AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY

NEWSPAPER.

dition to a favorable season the soil should be adapted to its growth, and it should be rich, either naturally, or made so by manure; it should also be well and evenly plowed—the depth of the plowing should be graduated somewhat by the depth of the surface soil, and the quality of the subsoil. After plowing, it is important to have the soil thoroughly pulverized and brought to a fine tilth by the use of the roller, harrow and cultivator. This greatly facilitates the extension of the roots of the plants in every direction through the soil, and saves much time in planting and after culture. It makes a material difference in the cost of growing an acre of corn, whether it takes one or four to hoe it each time. We have more than once seen a greater difference in hoeing an acre of corn, than above named.

The varieties of corn are very great; some producing good sized ears and small forage, and others a much larger growth of "stalks and butts," without anything like corresponding sized ears. Most farmers plant corn for its grain, not for its fodder; the larger the growth of the stalks, &c., the greater the exhaustion of the soil. Therefore in selecting a variety of corn for farm culture, it would seem to be an object to grow that variety which would give the greatest amount of forage—As a general rule, those varieties mature earliest that yield the least amount of fodder. Some seasons it is a matter of much consequence that the farmer plant an early variety of corn; therefore we think it is the safest way to plant those varieties (having reference as far as practicable, to productiveness), which soonest come to maturity.—Country Gentleman.



AUGUSTA
THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 7, 1859.

NOTTINGS BY THE WAY.—NO. 9.

It would take the whole of a busy month to explore and fully examine all the interesting localities of Philadelphia, and we had but a part of a day to spare.

Perhaps no city in the Union has so many places that have become associated with our history and, by the reminiscences of the past which they awaken, render it one which every American should visit. We had time, however, to see but very little of it, and were therefore reluctantly compelled to postpone to some other time the pleasure which a more leisurely examination of its gardens, its water-works, its public institutions and its manufacturers would give.

In company with the Hon. B. V. French, whom we met at the Girard House, and whose kind and social attentions were exceedingly pleasant, as well as serviceable to us, we sailed forth to take a peep at its markets and the Agricultural warehouses and seed-stores, these being indicative of the productive power of the adjoining country, and an exponent of the wants of the people, and how those wants were supplied.

First and foremost however, we visited Independence Hall—hallowed by the deliberations of the Continental Congress in the dark days of '76, and celebrated as the birth-place, if we may so speak, of the declaration of Independence which has become a household word throughout the Union.—Indeed, the old hall is a sort of Mecca, where thousands and thousands of Americans go with filial respect, and grateful hearts to do homage to the memory of the good old martyrs of the Revolution.

They have all been called to the "spirit land," but their portraits adorn the room on every side, and, though silent, they speak to the mind's eye and the mind's ear a language, to which the heart of every patriot in the land responds by emotions of love and gratitude for the labors and sacrifices which they performed, the fruits of which we are the favored recipients.

The markets in this city, and of those in other cities south of this, are very different either as to fixtures or mode of arrangements and methods of doing business, from those in Boston and other New England cities. The buildings themselves, are more sheds or continuous booths, and there are almost as many women vendors as there are of men.

The markets here excel in vegetables and poultry. The variety and excellence of these two commodities were very striking. They show some very good beef, but in butter, cheese, pork, mutton, and the like, they were inferior to any in New England. Perhaps we ought to except the butter in the Philadelphia market, for we saw much that was very excellent; but in some of the other markets which we visited further south, this article, both as to its appearance, and the form in which it was exhibited for sale was ridiculous.

The Agricultural ware-houses and the seed stores, which we visited, were well filled and apparently were doing a good business. Some of the most extensive and reliable seed establishments in America, may be found in Philadelphia. Some of them either grow the great bulk of the seeds, which they offer for sale, or have them grown for them, by men, in whom they have the greatest confidence. Hence the seeds which they send out, generally give great satisfaction to the purchaser. We say this, in justice to those, who have thus made it a business to supply the market with reliable seeds in this section, and not by way of disparagement to others, who we doubt not, are equally anxious and careful to prevent disappointment to the cultivator, in the truth and vigor of the seed, they furnish him to plant.

There is one thing about Philadelphia and the State, of which it is the commercial emporium, that is a little surprising to us. Although it has long been one of the oldest seats of science and of arts,—was, in days of old, the home of the Bartrams, and of Franklin, and Rittenhouse, and Bush, and Barton, and a host of other great and eminent men, and can boast of having one of the oldest (if not the oldest) State Agricultural Societies, which either grow the great bulk of the seeds, which they offer for sale, or have them grown for them, by men, in whom they have the greatest confidence. Hence the seeds which they send out, generally give great satisfaction to the purchaser.

The "Farmer's Cabinet" it is true, commenced here and flourished well for some years, and did yeoman's service in the cause, but as other periodicals of the kind multiplied in the adjoining States, it languished and expired. More recently the Pennsylvania Farm Journal, which for a time bid fair to flourish and be a strong and useful co-laborer in the good cause has ceased action; and still more recently, the Horticultural Society, which under the care of the Messrs. Smith, continued its valuable aid to Horticultural Science, has returned again to York State, the place of its nativity, to receive the fostering care and vigorous attention of the enterprising and well known friend of the Farmer and Gardener, Wm. Paxton. It is a mystery to us why an agricultural paper in Pennsylvania, cannot be supported by an unlimited patronage. Stubborn facts show the contrary.

Pleasant hours pass the swiftest, and so did ours

in Philadelphia. That inexorable old fellow "yesterday's" Time, who was never known to stop but once, and that was to see a fight in the valley of Gibbon, bid us "be off," and taking a reluctant and hasty farewell of our friends, we stepped on board the evening train for Gotham, where we spent the night at the Astor, and before sunrise were "locomotoring" again in double quick time for Boston, that staid and, notwithstanding its manifold fertility of "notions," stable and substantial capital of all Yankee-dom. Here we were bound to stop a day or two, time or no time.

We had been desirous of making a visit to the homestead of Wm. Brewster, Esq., Publisher and one of the Editors of the Boston Cultivator, who though not an old man, nevertheless, has long been enrolled in that ancient and honorable band of Agricultural veterans, who, for the last quarter of a century, have fought, and bled some too, in the warfare, waged in behalf of home industry in particular, and geoponics in general.

Although his time is necessarily taken up principally with the business details of his publishing office, he has also devoted himself to the practical demonstration, in visible and tangible form, of many of the theories and abstract ideas disseminated by the types of his press. The better to carry this out, he sometimes since sold his house in the city, and, as a Hoosier would say, "took to the high timber," or, more poetically speaking, made him a "sylvan retreat" in the suburbs.—Here he has collected around him a little "zoological garden," where you will find a great variety of animals and birds, kept in prime order, and manifested by the sleekness of their coat, and brilliancy of feather, that they have fallen into the hands of one, who, while he appreciates their beauty, is well aware that abundance of food and security of shelter are prime requisites for developing that beauty, and perfecting their natural capacity for usefulness.

Here we found excellent specimens of the different breeds of poultry—pheasants, California quail—wild and other varieties of geese—ducks of different kinds, and among them a splendid flock of the beautiful Summer duck, sometimes called wood duck, which were obtained in the waters of Maine.

In his stable we found some excellent horses, and a Jersey cow or two of excellent points. A few deer were quietly sunning themselves in the lee of the stable, and near by were what we had long been anxious to examine, a flock of genuine Angora or Cashmere goats which Mr. Brewster had not long since imported.

This species of goats is very large, and covered with a long and exceedingly fine soft, silky wool, or hair, rivaling the snow itself in whiteness.—This fleece is used for the manufacture of shawls and other fabrics of the kind which are imported at such high cost from the east. The question which had arisen in the minds of those interested in such things, is, Can these animals be successfully and profitably reared among us? The experiment of Mr. B. will test that question; and, from what we could discover, by an examination of the veritable animal itself, and from what we have learned by travellers, we can see no reason in the world why they cannot be raised all over the United States as easily, and as successfully as sheep. Thousands and thousands of acres on the rough hill sides of Maine, and other New England States would furnish the very pastures that they like, and in winter they would remain at the barn and quietly and prosperously as any of our other domestic animals. We hope to see the experiment of Mr. B. well test that question; and, from what we could discover, by an examination of the veritable animal itself, and from what we have learned by travellers, we can see no reason in the world why they cannot be raised all over the United States as easily, and as successfully as sheep.

On our return to Boston we found the same as before, but with a few more points of interest added. The ladies and gentlemen, if you will, the repugnance of your friends to be blown up with you. For ourselves we are inclined to grant the largest liberty to individual propensities to suicide, but we protest against being drawn into so foolish an act."

FARMERS' CLUB IN STANDISH. A correspondent of the Portland *Advertiser*, states that a Farmer's Club was organized in Standish on the first day of January, 1859, and its weekly meetings have been attended with much success. The following is a list of officers:

EBENEZER MOUTON, President; Josiah Mouton, Samuel O. Paine, John Yates, Peter Paine, Granville Baker, Vice Presidents; William Paine, Recording Secretary and Librarian; Theodore M. Bradbury, Corresponding Secretary; Joseph S. Thompson, Treasurer.

The questions which have been discussed, he says, have excited an unusual degree of interest, and have brought out an amount of agricultural talent, before unknown. We hope to live to see these clubs organized in every farming town in the State, and become as indispensable for the inculcation and dissemination of correct practical knowledge in agriculture, as our common schools are for the instruction of our children.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS SUSPECTED. We are surprised and grieved to learn by the following, that the honesty of members of Congress has been suspected. The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* says:

"The fact is notorious in Washington, that various members of both Houses who came here a few years ago in needy circumstances have suddenly acquired large fortunes, just as it is the subject of remark that not a few maintain extravagant establishments during the sessions, which cannot be supported by any visible means of those owning them. It is constantly asked, 'Where does the money come from?'

CONTENDERING. We published last week an item stating that a clergyman had been arrested for counterfeiting while preaching a funeral sermon." An exchange thinks that the clergyman must have been very smart and sly to be able to carry on the business of preaching and counterfeiting at one and the same time. It is a sad thing to believe, but the frequently recurring instances of palpable immorality and hypocrisy, which suggest the idea that with many clergymen at the present day, preaching and counterfeiting was one and the same thing.

A PAPER FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS. The *Maine Spectator*, a new dollar weekly paper for the young, recently commenced at Rockland, offers an attractive prize of two splendid oil paintings to the largest club of subscribers formed at the regular subscription price, and also a series of prizes to its young readers, for the best compositions, largest clubs, &c. The *Spectator* is published by Mr. Ze Pape Voss, who is endeavoring to make a paper which shall meet the wants and promote the education and culture of our youth. The paper looks and reads well, and the enterprise has a just and reasonable claim upon the parents, teachers and youth of our State. The *Starway*, the department of the paper designed to receive communications from its young readers, is meeting with much favor among the boys and girls. Such a paper has certainly better claims upon the people of Maine than the flash literature which floods us from abroad. Send for a copy and judge for yourself.

WE LEARN that Mr. Geo. Dix, for many years connected with the publishing house of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., and who has a reputation as an excellent business manager and for an acquaintance with books, has become a member of the extensive publishing firm of Brown, Taggart, Brown & Chase, of Boston. This firm is largely employed in the publication of school-books, among which is Eaton's Arithmetic, now being widely and satisfactorily introduced into our schools, medical works, &c. They will in the course of the present session issue several miscellaneous works of merit.

LEGISLATIVE TEMPERANCE MEETING. An interesting meeting of the members of the Legislature was held in the hall of the House of Representatives on Wednesday evening last. It was largely attended. Gov. Morrill presided, Hon. Messrs. Theophilus Cushing, Thomas H. Marshall and Wm. Merriam were vice-presidents, and Frederick Robie, Esq., was secretary. Hon. Neal Dow, Rev. John Allen, and Messrs. B. D. Peck, E. W. Jackson, Leonard Andrews and Joshua Dunn, addressed the meeting.

TOWN OFFICERS IN PRINCETON. Moderator, Charles Bates; Clerk, Ambrose Bates; Selectmen, Geo. M. B. Sprague, Wm. A. Gould, G. D. K. Edgerly; Assessors, G. M. B. Sprague, John Bates, Ambrose Bates; Collector, John Bates; Treasurer, Putnam Ralif; S. S. Committee, Henry A. Sprague.

DR. WM. A. ALCOTT. The well-known author and lecturer on diet and physiology, died at his residence in Newton, Mass., on Wednesday last, aged sixty-one years. He was a strict vegetarian in diet, faithfully illustrating his system by his life. A rare virtue that.

DR. J. T. WHITHEAD. The Whitehead of South Paris has taken out a patent for improvement in stores.

MR. PETER SINCLAIR. The friends of temperance will be glad to learn that Mr. Peter Sinclair, the distinguished Scottish lecturer, has been engaged by the State Temperance Committee to visit the State the ensuing summer, and lecture in behalf of the cause.

DR. J. T. WHITEHEAD. The Whitehead of South Paris has taken out a patent for improvement in stores.

THE BANGOR WHIG. The returns thus far received indicate the election of all four of the Republicans to Congress, and that they have carried their State ticket with a large majority in the Legislature.

ABUSE OF THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE. Under the franking privilege to which members of Congress are entitled, the grossest abuses are practiced, saddling upon the Post office department expenses which its revenues are totally inadequate to meet. This is an evil which can only be cured by the voluntary relinquishment on the part of Congress of this expensive privilege. Past efforts for reform in this direction have not met with the favor which leads us to hope much from the future. The patriotism and virtue of most of our public men, we are sorry to say, seems to be that cheap kind which is gratified at the expense of the public.

PETITION OF THOMAS FULLER AND OTHERS TO THE CITY COUNCIL. Qualifying oath of office was administered to F. W. Darborn, Councilman from Ward 3. Bond of H. T. Morse, Constable, was read and referred.

ORDERS RELATIVE TO ADOTTING RULES AND ORDERS OF THE CITY COUNCIL. Orders relative to adopting rules and orders of the City Council, were read and passed.

PETITION OF JOHN A. PETTINGILL AND OTHERS FOR UNION OF SCHOOL DISTRICTS. Petition of John A. Pettingill and others for union of School Districts Nos. 1, 26 & 20, was read and referred to Committee on Schools and School Districts.

PETITION OF THOMAS FULLER AND OTHERS TO THE CITY COUNCIL. Petition of Thomas Fuller and others to be set off from Districts Nos. 22, 10 & 8, and formed into a District by themselves, was read and referred to Committee on Schools and School Districts.

PETITION OF JOHN SOOLES AND OTHERS TO THE CITY COUNCIL. Petition of John Sooles and others to remove Deluge Engine to Sand Hill, was read and referred to Committee on Fire Department.

PETITION OF CITY CLERK TO CAUSE DOINGS OF CITY COUNCIL TO BE PRINTED. Order requesting City Clerk to cause doings of City Council to be printed in one or more City papers, was read and passed.

PETITION OF WM. H. CHISAM TO THE CITY COUNCIL. Petition of Wm. H. Chisam was called up and referred to be voted.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Muse.

THE BROOK.

BY PAUL R. HAYNE.

But yesterday this brook was bright,
And tranquil as the clear moonlight;
That woves the palms on Orient shores;
But now a hoarse, dark stream it pours
Impetuous over its bed of rock,
And dashes with a noisy shock,
Rolls into currents fierce and fleet,
That dash the white foam round our feet—
A raging whirl of waters, rent
As if with angry discontent.

A tempest in the night swept by,
Bore of a murt and fury sky,
And with a noise like thunder shook,
It wove its fury on the brook.
The evil genius of the blast
Within its bosom passed,
And therefore is it that a Tide
Whose course is tortuous, toils,
As thoughts through spirit sacrificed,
Shows now a whirl of waters, rent
As if with angry discontent.

I knew of late a creature bright,
And gentle as the clear moonlight,
The tenderest and the kindest heart
From the sea to a long, long shore,
To act on earth—where's life?
A sudden passion swt in strife,
With wild, unshallow forces rife—
It stirred her nature's sweet deep
But it was not to stay—
Remove its rugged bed of rock,
O'er which for eye with thunder shock,
The tides of feeling, fierce and fleet,
Are dashed to foam by icy steel,
A raging whirl of waters, rent
As if with angry discontent.

The Story Teller.

From the Rural New Yorker.

JOHN EASTMAN'S LUCK.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

"That's just my luck," angrily exclaimed a young mechanic, dashing down a note which informed him that during his absence from his place of business, a gentleman had called to complete a partial contract with him for a heavy job of work, and, not being able to wait, had taken it to another workman.

"I was born to ill luck," he continued, "and there is no use in trying to contend again at fate."

"How long were you absent from your shop, John?" inquired a quiet-looking old man, who was sitting by.

"Not over an hour or so; perhaps two hours."

"Had you not an engagement to meet this gentleman to-day?"

"Why, yes, and started for my shop for the purpose, but I thought I would just drop in to Smith's to see how that western land investment was likely to turn out, and in the excitement I forgot the hour till it was too late—so here is a good two hundred dollar's worth of work gone, all for my wretched luck."

The old man smiled faintly, but went on questioning. "And how is it about your land investment—it is likely to prove as profitable as you anticipated?"

"There is another specimen of the way my cards turn up. It seems the man of whom I bought the land had no legal claim to it, and so to me it is not worth a cent."

"How much money did you invest there?"

"Three hundred dollars—money that I have been laying by ever since my marriage to help purchase a house and lot—but it is gone now, and I am not likely to get anything beforehand again, very soon. There is Jones, he bought land at the same time, and now it is worth ten times the money he paid out for it—he always had luck."

"I believe he employed an agent to examine all the deeds and titles carefully before he purchased, did he not, John?"

"Yes, and paid him an exorbitant price, too; I never would encourage such extortion. Besides, Edwards, who sold me my claim, assured me that he knew it to be perfectly good, and I never could have the face to question the honesty of an old friend and neighbor."

"It seems he had the face to cheat you out of your money," said the old gentleman, smiling again, but more faintly than before. "Is there no chance to recover anything of him?"

"Not at all. Jones told me, confidentially, a couple of weeks ago, that he suspected all was not right, and advised me to keep my eye on Edwards, but I thought there was no hurry, and yesterday I learned that he had sailed from New York, no one knows where. So I have to make the best of my luck."

"You use that word 'luck' pretty freely, John; may I ask what you mean by it, and on what ground you charge all your misfortunes to it?"

"Why, you cannot deny, Uncle William, that some men are constitutionally unlucky, while others, with greater advantages, and seemingly in the very same circumstances, will prosper in every undertaking. I could give you plenty of instances here under our own observation."

"Suppose you give me, that will do very well,"

"Well, then I can mention none better than Jones and myself. We began life together as mechanics, with nearly equal advantages in every respect, except that I had a little better of him, in inheriting that small farm of my father's. We were married at the same time, and our wives were both prudent, careful housekeepers—models in every respect. My family is no larger than his, but look at the contrast now. His business has gone steadily upward, until he has all he can attend to, with the help of several apprentices, while I, who have always been called the best workman, can hardly find employment for one. I am still living in an inconvenient, rented house, while Jones's wife, and his wife, look no older than when he married her, ten years ago; while my poor Mary is thin and careworn, and my doctor's bill is almost as much as my rent."

"I am sure I have made every possible exertion; I work as hard as Jones, but there is such a thing as luck, and mine, thus far, has been bad enough."

"Now, John Eastman," began the old man slowly, "I want you to listen to me. You talk about luck, and I, an old man who have seen seventy odd years of life, I tell you there is no such thing as luck. The thread of your destiny was never put into the hands of the blind goddess, Fate, to be twisted and tangled at her will. I believe in a Divine Providence that overrules all things, but I believe that every man makes his own track through life, and is responsible for a great measure of its roughness."

"Then you would throw all the blame of a man's misfortunes upon himself. That seems rather hard."

"It is a great thing for a man to learn to distinguish between those things which are the results of his own unwise action, and those that spring from causes beyond his control."

"I admit this, but I am sure I have always tried to act according to my best judgment, and a man can do no more than that."

"If you will not be angry with me, John, I should like to talk with you a little about your best judgment."

"Oh, there is no fear of that, Uncle William—you know I always take your advice kindly, although I cannot quite agree with you in your ways of thinking."

"People that take advice kindly are not sure

to make much use of it; but no matter. When I came in this morning I found you in a great rage over your bad luck in losing in that of work, which I suppose went to Jones, as his shop is always open. Pray, who was to blame for that but yourself, for neglecting your engagement to meet the agent? And will the evil stop with the loss of this one job? Those men, as you well know, have occasion for thousands of dollars worth of work in your line every year, and will it not be natural that, in deciding where to look in future, they should distrust a man who failed to meet an appointment in which his own interests were involved? Ah, John, I see more bad luck in store for you there."

"I intended to keep the engagement, but the disappointment about my land put it all out of my mind."

"That land business, again; now look at that and see how much luck had to do with it. Which was the wiser, Jones, who paid a competent man for masking sure his claim, or you, who trusted to luck, and the honesty of a speculator, and so lost the whole."

"Well, I may have erred in judgment in some cases; after all, I am a firm believer in the wisdom of the old proverb, which teaches that some men are born with silver spoons in their mouths, and some with wooden ones."

"Very likely, John; very likely, but the accident of birth is nothing, and the wooden spoon, if rightly handled, will carry more meat to the mouth than the silver one. All depends on the man who had been foretold and promised, and whose countenance should resemble this."

"All at once a great cry rang through the date, 'He is coming! He is coming!' And every body went out to meet and to welcome the great man, and the young minister among the rest. The great man came in a great carriage, drawn by four horses, surrounded by the shouting and exulting crowd; and every body exclaimed, as they looked at him, 'How like he is to the great stone face!'

The judge began to be somewhat perplexed. At this time he spied a black man coming up the street. A little nearer, and he saw it was Joe. Called to him.

"Here, Joe, I've got a cat in my well, and I can't get anybody to go after it. If you'll go down, I'll pay you fairly."

The young man went quickly on his way as before, doing all the good he could, and waiting for the expected stranger, gazing continually on the large countenance, and fancying that he was living and acting forever in its sight.

Once more the young workman, "He is coming! He is coming!" And again the people strewed forth to meet him, and again he came with all the pomp of the former, and again the crowd cried out, "How like he is to the great stone face!" The youth looked and saw a sallow countenance with really some resemblance to the large features of the face; but for all that, it was very unlike. And after a while he began to remark that the resemblance became still more and more unlike, not was it long before every body found out that their great man was not a great man at all, and that he had no similarity to the large stone face. After this he disappeared from the date. These expectations and these disappointments were repeated yet several times.

"But Mary," began her husband, with the air of a man who does not know what he is saying, "I have about decided not to buy this year, my business—it is not worth a cent."

"How much money did you invest there?"

"Three hundred dollars—money that I have been laying by ever since my marriage to help purchase a house and lot—but it is gone now, and I am not likely to get anything beforehand again, very soon. There is Jones, he bought land at the same time, and now it is worth ten times the money he paid out for it—he always had luck."

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THE GREAT STONE FACE.

In one of the valleys of New Hampshire, says Hawthorn, there lived in a mean cottage a young lad, the child of poor parents. From his home and from the whole valley might be seen, in one of the lofty, distant mountains, a large human profile, as if hewn out in the rock, and this was known under the name of "The Great Stone Face." There was an old tradition in the valley that there should some day come a man to the valley whose countenance should resemble that of the great stone face; that he should be the noblest of men, and should introduce a golden age into the valley.

"My dear," he called out to his boy looking wife, "my dear, here Joe wants a night's lodgings. I think we can give it to him, can't we? Suppose we give him something to eat; he looks hungry. And we'll let him have a bed made up by the kitchen fire."

The kind word went to Joe's heart, and his face wore a grateful smile. The heat of the warm fire penetrated his cold limbs. The comfortable supper refreshed and strengthened him.

Joe's sleep that night was very sweet. The judge's household goods were very safe. The pocket of kindness and the key of gratitude had locked them up tight.

In the early morning Joe was up and away.

If the good wife gave one or two searching looks to see if all was right, she was soon satisfied. The judge forgot the simple act of benevolence he performed, and time slipped away.

At the judge's house, there was a well of exceedingly cool and delicious water, for there was no running water near, and upon this well the family depended entirely for cooking and culinary purposes. In old times they seldom had a cover over the well. Owing to this, it was not unusual for some animal to fall into the well. A cat had fallen into the judge's well, and it was necessary that the animal should be drawn out at once. But the well was very deep and very cold, and no one seemed disposed to undertake the task. The judge offered a generous sum to any one who would go down. No one would.

But the young clergyman saw at the first glance that it was not so, and that he could not be the foretold and promised stranger, and the people also, after he had continued some time in the valley, discovered the same thing.

The young man went quickly on his way as before, doing all the good he could, and waiting for the expected stranger, gazing continually on the large countenance, and fancying that he was living and acting forever in its sight.

Once more the young workman, "He is coming! He is coming!" And again the people strewed forth to meet him, and again he came with all the pomp of the former, and again the crowd cried out, "How like he is to the great stone face!" The youth looked and saw a sallow countenance with really some resemblance to the large features of the face; but for all that, it was very unlike. And after a while he began to remark that the resemblance became still more and more unlike, not was it long before every body found out that their great man was not a great man at all, and that he had no similarity to the great stone face. After this he disappeared from the date. These expectations and these disappointments were repeated yet several times.

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"Why, you cannot deny, Uncle William, that some men are constitutionally unlucky, while others, with greater advantages, and seemingly in the very same circumstances, will prosper in every undertaking. I could give you plenty of instances here under our own observation."

"Suppose you give me, that will do very well,"

"Well, then I can mention none better than Jones and myself. We began life together as mechanics, with nearly equal advantages in every respect, except that I had a little better of him, in inheriting that small farm of my father's. We were married at the same time, and our wives were both prudent, careful housekeepers—models in every respect. My family is no larger than his, but look at the contrast now. His business has gone steadily upward, until he has all he can attend to, with the help of several apprentices, while I, who have always been called the best workman, can hardly find employment for one. I am still living in an inconvenient, rented house, while Jones's wife, and his wife, look no older than when he married her, ten years ago; while my poor Mary is thin and careworn, and my doctor's bill is almost as much as my rent."

"I am sure I have made every possible exertion; I work as hard as Jones, but there is such a thing as luck, and mine, thus far, has been bad enough."

"Now, John Eastman," began the old man slowly, "I want you to listen to me. You talk about luck, and I, an old man who have seen seventy odd years of life, I tell you there is no such thing as luck. The thread of your destiny was never put into the hands of the blind goddess, Fate, to be twisted and tangled at her will. I believe in a Divine Providence that overrules all things, but I believe that every man makes his own track through life, and is responsible for a great measure of its roughness."

"Then you would throw all the blame of a man's misfortunes upon himself. That seems rather hard."

"It is a great thing for a man to learn to distinguish between those things which are the results of his own unwise action, and those that spring from causes beyond his control."